

Give me the victory of this question, which  
Is true loves merit, and blesse me with a signe  
Of thy great pleasure.

*Here Musicke is heard, Doves are scene to flutter, they  
fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.*

*Pal.* O thou that from eleven, to ninetie reign'st  
In mortall bosomes, whose chafe is this world  
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thanks  
For this faire Token, which being layd unto  
Mine innocent true heart, armes in assurance *They bow.*  
My body to this businesse: Let us rise  
And bow before the goddesse: Time comes on: *Exeunt.*

*Still Musicke of Records.*

*Enter Emilia in white, her haire about her shoulders, a whea-  
ten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire  
stucke with flowers: One before her carrying a silver  
Hynde, in whic his conveyd Incense and sweet odours,  
which being set upon the Altar her maides standing a  
loose, she sets fire to it, then they curtsy and kneele.*

*Emilia.* O sacred, shadowie, cold and constant Queene,  
Abandoner of Revells, mate contemplative,  
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure  
As windefand Snow, who to thy fennell knights  
Alo'ft no more blood than will make a blush,  
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Priest  
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchsafe  
With that thy rare greene eye, which never yet  
Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,  
And sacred silver Mistress, lend thine care  
(Which nev'r heard scurrill terme, into whose port  
Ne're entred wanton sound,) to my petition  
Seasond with holy feare; This is my last  
Of vestall office, I am bride habited,  
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,  
But doe not know him, out of two, I should  
Choose one, and pray for his successe, but I  
Am guiltlesse of election of mine eyes,  
Were I to loose one, they are equall precious,

I could doombe neither, that which peri-  
Goe too't unsentenc'd: Therefore most m-  
He of the two Pretenders, that best loves  
And has the truest title in't, Let him  
Take off my wheaten Gerland, or else gr-  
The fyle and qualitie I hold, I may  
Continue in thy Band.

*Here the Hynde vanishes under the  
place ascends a Rose Tree, having one l-  
See what our Generall of Ebbs and Flow-  
Out from the bowells of her holy Altar  
With sacred act advances: But one Rose  
If well inspir'd, this Battaile shal confound  
Both these brave Knights, and I a virgin fl-  
Must grow alone unpluck'd.*

*Here is heard a sodaine twang of Instr-  
Rose falls from the Tree.*

The flowre is faine, the Tree descends: O  
Thou here dischargest me, I shall be gathe-  
I thinke so, but I know not thine owne w-  
Vnclasp thy Misterie: I hope she's pleas-  
Her Signes were gracious.

*They exit.*

*Scena 2. Enter Doctor, Iaylor and Wo-*  
*Palamon.*

*Doct.* Has this advice I told you, done an-  
*Woer.* O very much; The maids that hepe  
Have halfe perswaded her that I am *Pal-*  
Halfe houre she came smiling to me, and  
Would cate, and when I would kisse her:  
Presently, and kist her twice.

*Doct.* T was well done; twentie times ha-  
For there the cure lies mainly.

*Woer.* Then she told me  
She would watch with me to night, for w-  
What houre my fit would take me.

*Doct.* Let her doe so,  
And when your fit comes, sit her home,